

A Song of Palo Alto

[Verse 1]

A giant redwood tree is known in history
And in the legends of the city that I love...
The very proudly tall, it's like a friend to all,
With arms out-stretched "O Palo Alto!"
The western winds are softly sighing,
You're blest by all the best of California sun and rain!

[Chorus]

From hills and valleys, from lawns and gardens to the bay shore,
All nature seems to sing and I can hear the sweet refrain,
Like a chant from long ago, where Indians roamed below;
A tune of Spanish pioneers around the bend;
A song of winding trail that changed to road and rail;
And a glad finale just to mark my journey's end!
"O Palo Alto!" Out of the harbor at the bayside
The echo sweetly sounds with every wave that ripples to the shore...
And with the echo I hear the pounding of my heart beat
Part of the song of Palo Alto! What other place on earth could I love more?

[Verse 2]

A landmark grand to see is a giant redwood tree
Besides an entrance to the city that I love...
No matter where I roam, it's there when I come home,
I'm welcome high above
"O Palo Alto!" The evening breeze is subtly sighing
While the golden sun sinks low, beyond the redwoods purple shade

[Chorus]

From hills and valleys, from lawns and gardens to the bay shore,
All nature seems to sing a Palo Alto serenade!

Like a chant from long ago, where Indians roamed below;
A tune of Spanish pioneers around the bend;
A song of winding trail that changed to road and rail;
And a glad finale just to mark my journey's end!
“O Palo Alto!” Out of the harbor at the bayside
The echo sweetly sounds with every wave that ripples to the shore...
And with the echo I hear the pounding of my heart beat
Part of the song of Palo Alto! What other place on earth could I love more?
Than Palo Alto?